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TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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WHOLE NUMBER 234

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DAVIS & CREWS,

For the Press;

LEE & WILSON,

For the Press.

MISCELLANY.

South Africa.

DR. LIVINGSTONE has been giving many interesting accounts of his African experience to large meetings in Manchester and Glasgow. He is one of those intrepid travelers who first carry the fame of English energy and the honor of the English character into new regions, where it is not easy for his successor to redeem the promise of national energy and integrity held out by such a forerunner. He has penetrated a totally unexplored region from sea to sea.

Dr. Livingstone's principal discovery since exploring the great high-land Lake Ngami, in the centre of the plateau of South Africa, has been that of the upper course of the Zambezi river, which flows into the Indian Ocean opposite the southern side of the island of Madagascar. This river he himself esteems his principal discovery, so far as regards at least the purposes of commerce; but he has also explored and visited the interior, and the western coast of Angola and Congo.

In his journey to the Atlantic from Lake Ngami, he was accompanied by natives of the inland country of Barotsé, a little west of the central district between sea and sea. From Tete, on the Lower Zambezi, it had been a long journey of more than a thousand miles to the country of Barotsé, and when he reached it all his goods were expended; but the chief of that country fitted him out with 15 oxen and canoes and 27 men; being strongly convinced of the wisdom of opening up communication with the sea-coast. These men accompanied him all the way to Loanda on the Atlantic, without any complaint of hardship, or loss of wages and, while there, they worked hard in collecting all they could to take back to their own country from the Portuguese settlement—and "though from fever and infection," says Dr. Livingstone, "we returned (to Barotsé) as poor as we set out, we were received with the greatest kindness, because we had opened up the path."

There the same chief gave him a commission to the east coast—the Lower Zambezi—and fitted him out with a second time, solely in the hope of having intercourse with the white men. We see, then, how highly many of the interior tribes value intercourse with the white coast settlers. The chief of Barotsé told Dr. Livingstone that all the ivory of the country was his, if he would only bring him the European machine for manufacturing the sugar cane into sugar. Barotsé also produces grain, &c., but the sugar cane seems its most valuable product.

The principal difficulty in the way of reaching this chief of Barotsé, who was so eager for commerce, and his territory, seems to be the great number of rapids in the Zambezi as it descends from high plateau, on which Lake Ngami lies towards the Indian Ocean. The great falls of Mosioutenia are, Dr. Livingstone thinks, quite equal to those of Niagara, but unfortunately are not the rapids in its course. Above them the Zambezi is 9,000 feet broad, and the falls themselves are 100 feet in depth passing through a deep chasm in the basaltic rock. Some distance to the east of these great falls, the climate is much in Barotsé and the interior generally is very unhealthy, becomes perfectly healthy again for Europeans. And it is on this eastern, in the middle Zambezi, the junction of the Kafue with the Zambezi, and Tete, that Dr. Livingstone builds his hope of promoting intercourse with the Europeans. It is without doubt the most fertile and best watered forest in the interior of Africa.

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case with which the finest wheat is raised.

There are here, too, nine seams of coal. "He examined one near Tete, which was 68 inches in diameter, the coal having been tilted to the surface by volcanic action."

He tells us that the bar at the mouth of the Zambezi would be no impediment to traffic as there are 22 feet of water over it. Tete is the highest point on the river much visited by Europeans. But Dr. Livingstone tells us that at Zumbo, from 200 to 300 miles further up, the grain is twice the size it is at Tete. The Zambezi overflows its banks, like the Nile, which is the cause of the great fertility. There was iron, also, along the whole course of the river. A number of the native hoes had been made into an Enfield rifle for Dr. Livingstone in Birmingham, and the maker considered the iron very good, though not quite equal to the Russian and Swedish. Malachite was also found. The Columbia river, exported by the Portuguese of late for a dye, is also grown all along the course of the river. Marble, too, was found here by Dr. Livingstone, within 100 miles of Tete—the Portuguese, nevertheless being quite unconscious of its existence, send 900 miles to Mozambique for the material for their houses. The settlements on the western coast of Congo and Angola are those which chiefly produce cotton, where a certain mediocre sort grows plentifully. Here, too, the Portuguese have introduced the coffee. The great trade with the natives is in wax, which the Portuguese export to Brazil for manufacture of the wax candles used in the churches there. In Angola and the central country of Lunda, hives were placed every few hundred yards, even in the dense forests, and the natives, guided by the honey birds, seemed to collect every ounce of honey they could get, for sale to the Portuguese. The Angola native laborers in a degree organized. Skilled labor is worth 4d a day—field labour 2d a day, and the latter may be had for 1d by paying in the usual currency of the country—coco.

One discovery of Dr. Livingstone's may turn out of very great importance—that of a fibre which is said to be stronger than flax, buaze. The natives had strung their beads on threads made from buaze, and Dr. Livingstone brought some of the root home with him to this country. He gave it for trial to Messrs. Pye, Brothers, in Lombard street, and they gave it as their opinion, after consulting one of the first manufacturers of Leeds, that the "fibre was finer and stronger than flax, and was worth about 50l and 60l a ton." It grows abundantly on the north side of the River Zambezi.

We may add, that Dr. Livingstone's evidence makes it an object of quite as high importance to explore the Zambezi as it was to explore the Niger, and we are sure Government will give Dr. Livingstone all possible help in his future researches. We do not yet know the full material value of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries; but we trust we have already learned something from his return to England of the moral value of having spirits so earnest and adventurous among our fellow-citizens.

STRYCHNINE AND ALE.—An exchange paper says: "The Physician in the House of Correction, at Lawrence, Mass., reports it almost impossible to treat delirium tremens successfully now, in consequence of the utter prostration of the nervous system of drunkards by the strychnine generally used in the manufacture of various liquors."

Strychnine, it is well known, has been used extensively in England, in the manufacture of malt liquors, as a substitute for hops, when the price of the latter, owing to short crops had risen enormously. In flavor the bitter of strychnine and hops is exactly similar; only that in the former it is much more intense than in the latter, and when strychnine is used by brewers, it is only to impart this bitter to the malt liquor, and not to increase its strength, or change its character. In this country, however, and especially of late years hops are much cheaper than strychnine, the price of the former ranging from 3 to 15 cents per lb., while the price of the latter is \$2.50 to \$3 per oz. It is not reasonable to suppose, therefore, that our brewers would use such an expensive, and at the same time, dangerous article as strychnine, when a cheaper and better article was abundant. In regard to the statements put forth last Spring that strychnine was extensively used in the stilling of spirits, we are assured that there is utterly without foundation; for, while strychnine cannot add to the spirituous strength of the liquor, or make a bushel of grain produce more spirits, it would render the product so nauseously bitter, that even to the mind of the most ultra prohibitionist, a temperance law would be entirely unnecessary.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE LAST DODGE.—Some of the clothing shopkeepers are sharp, and no mistake. They have a way of securing sales occasionally, which savors strongly of rascality and the drop game. They place in the coat pocket an old portmanteau stuffed with paper. A customer comes along inquiring for such a vestment. The dealer, if he judges his customer to be of the right stripe, after essaying several coats, at last says, "Here is a coat made for a gentleman who wore it one day and sent it back; it was too small for him—try it on." Ah! it fits first rate—like it was made for you! It's well made, buttons sewed on strong, with strong pockets. The customer puts his hands into the pockets to try them. When his fingers come in contact with the pocket-book, his imagination is kindled with the idea of appropriating the supposed treasure. "How much did you say the coat was?" he eagerly asks. "A dollar and 10 cents," he is told. "The money is paid, and the coat delivered to you." The customer, with his eyes closed, and his hands in his pockets, walks away, feeling that he has made a great bargain, and that he has secured a great treasure.

SECRET COURTSHIP.—[A blind mother sets in her cottage, beside her pretty daughter, and cautions her against love, when all the time, an amatory scene is going on between the girl and the very lover whom she old dame dreads.]

Daughter, while you turn your wheel Listen to the words I say: Colin has contrived to steal Your unthinking heart away. Of his fawning voice beware. You are all the blind one's care, And I mark your sighs when'er Our young neighbor's name is heard. Colin's tongue is false, though winning—Hush! the window is unbarred! Ah! Lizette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say: But my daughter, do not peep Through the casement—night and day, Colin there his watch doth keep. Think not mine a grumbling tongue: Ah! here at my breast you lung; I like you, was fair and young, And I know how apt is love To lead the youthful heart to sinning—Hush! the door—I heard it move! Ah! Lizette, you are not spinning!

It is a gust of wind, you say, That hath made the hinges grate; And my poor old grumbling tongue, Must you break for that his pate? Ah, my child, put faith in me; Age permits me to foresee Colin soon will faithful be, And your love to an abyss Of grief will be the sad beginning—Bless me! sure I heard a kiss! Ah! Lizette, you are not spinning!

'Twas your little bird you say, Gave that tender kiss just now; Make him cease his trifling, pray, He will rue it ere I die! Love, my girl, often bringeth pain, Shame and sorrow in his train, While the false, successful swain, Scorns the heart, he has beguiled From true victor's path to sinning—Hush! I hear you move, my child! Ah! Lizette, you are not spinning!

You wish to take the air, you say? Think you, daughter, believe you? Did young Colin go his way, Or, at once, as bride receive you? Let him go to church and there Show his purpose to be fair; But, till then, beside my chair All you must know, my girl, nor heed All his vows, so fond and winning; Tangled in love's web, indeed—Lizette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

AN OLD USE FOR HYMN BOOKS.—A review of Irving's Life of Washington has the following anecdote: "The capitulation of Charleston was a serious blow to the American cause, but the British commander too rapidly calculated that it implied the full subjugation of the South. An ordinary enemy might have been disheartened, but every volunteer in the American army was an extraordinary man, and stood to his colors with extraordinary tenacity. Among the bravest was Caldwell, the Presbyterian minister, who was wont in former years to discourse with a pair of pistols on his pulpit cushion, when the Tories styled a 'blue-coated rebel firebrand,' and the patriots a 'rousing Gospel preacher.' His wife was murdered during the sack of a village by the British, when Knapphansen was marauding the Jerseys. At the fight of Springfield Caldwell dealt retribution upon his foes."

"None showed more ardor in the fight than Caldwell the chaplain. The image of his murdered wife was before his eyes. Finding the men in want of wadding, he galloped the Presbyterian church and brought thence a quantity of Watts' psalm and hymn books, which he distributed for the purpose among the soldiers. 'Now,' cried he, 'put Watts into them, boys!'"

SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.—The Couriers say: "The Tennessee Legislature has elected Andrew Johnson to a seat in the Senate of the United States, now occupied by Hon. James C. Jones. Johnson is the leader of his party in that State, and in many respects a very remarkable man. He began life as a mechanic, and had almost reached years of discretion before he obtained the rudiments of an education. But when he had once embarked in political life, his advancement was exceedingly rapid. As a member of the Legislature, the National House of Representatives, and Governor of the State, he has been distinguished for energy and determination. He pushes the doctrines of Democracy to their extremes, and goes for giving all the power of the State and country as directly as possible into the hands of the poor people. His election of course settles the business for Gen. Pillow, whose late manifesto will be altogether profitable, except in so far as notoriety is concerned."

AN IRON GIRDLE BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA.—The Railway Guide says that the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company have now determined upon immediately erecting an iron bridge on the table-top or girder principle over the Niagara river; the present bridge, owing to the slow rate of speed at which trains can be permitted to cross it, being quite inadequate to meet the requirements of the enormous traffic daily passing over that frontier. The cost is estimated at \$500,000 and \$750,000. At present the rate of speed must not exceed two miles an hour, but with the new bridge forty miles an hour may be run with perfect safety. It is contemplated to be ready for opening in the course of next summer, the end of the bridge being the gorge below the whirlpool.

DUEL BETWEEN NIAGARA OFFICERS.—A duelling meeting took place on the 6th instant near New Orleans, between Olin Thomas, Lieut. and Wm. M. Smith, Capt. of the 1st Louisiana Cavalry. The result was a draw.

TURNING THE SWITCH.—It is generally understood that taverns are established for the accommodation of travelers. And it is not unfrequently that we see a shingle stuck out, on which is written "Entertainment for man and beast." We have often thought of a case of "tavern keeping" which we witnessed in the State of Maine:

While a student at Waterville, and before steamers plied between that town and Augusta, on the Kennebec river, we took passage on one of the "flat boats" to go down the river. When noon arrived and we were about opposite the old stage tavern kept by Smiley, on the river road in Sidney, we fastened the boat to the shore and went up to get something to eat. We were disappointed however, for the landlord said they had nothing cooked; "if we would wait, we should have something, for some bread was baking in the oven."

Just at that moment, two gentlemen drove up in a chase, and calling for refreshment, the following dialogue greatly amused us:

"Landlord, give us a little brandy." "We have no brandy," replied mine host. "Some gin, then." "We have no gin." "Well, some rum then, or any other spirits."

"We have no kind of spirits in the house." "What in the thunder have you then to drink?" "We have some molasses and water."

"Well, if we can't get anything to drink, give our horses some oats." "Some corn will do."

"We have no corn at this time." By this time the cellar got rather warmed up, and with a pretty round oath he exclaimed, "Well, you of course keep hay; give the horse a little of that while we stop."

"I should like to accommodate you," replied the landlord, "but we have no hay just now; but our folks are moving."

"What in the name of—do you keep?" cried the astonished and exasperated traveler. "We keep *taern*, sir," was the reply. And then we roared.

Since then, we have never seen a large sign swinging in front of a country inn, without saying to ourselves, we wonder if that man keeps *taern*.

KNOWING TAVERNS.—It is generally understood that taverns are established for the accommodation of travelers. And it is not unfrequently that we see a shingle stuck out, on which is written "Entertainment for man and beast." We have often thought of a case of "tavern keeping" which we witnessed in the State of Maine:

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How much excellent material has been wasted, and utterly spoiled, by unskilful fingers!

This ejaculation is not less applicable to inanimate matter than to mind and heart. How many a boy of the part and excellent natural disposition, whom accident has thrown upon the wrong track, and given a false direction, has been ruined forever by absurd mismanagement, and for the want of a judicious and friendly hand to turn the switch!

This is a short preface to a short story, which interested me when I heard it, many years ago, and which a recent event has freshened up in my memory. I cannot remember the year—it was long ago—that I passed the night under the hospitable roof of the Hon. Salem Towne, of Charlton, in the County of Worcester. As we sat together, in the evening, and were speaking of education and schools, Mr. Towne informed me that, about the year 1800, he taught a school in the south-western district of Charlton, an inhospitable, of Sturbridge, the adjoining town, had a son, of whose abilities and general character he appeared to entertain a low estimate, and of whom he spoke to Mr. Towne disparagingly, as a boy who gave him trouble. Mr. Towne, notwithstanding this paternal forewarning, consented to receive the lad on probation. On the evening of the first day, the school agent came to the teacher, and told that the boy was a bad boy, and would disturb the whole school, and must be turned out. The agent, very probably, received his impression from the judicious parent, who seems to have made no secret of his opinions. Mr. Towne rejected this hasty conclusion, and informed the agent that he should keep a watchful eye upon the lad, and that he thought it well to be time enough to turn him out of school when he made any disturbance, and that he was entitled to a fair trial. When the boy came, for the first time, to recite his lesson, and had gotten through, Mr. Towne told him to shut up his book. He did so, but instantly recoiled and doled his head, as if he expected a blow. The boy replied that he supposed he should be beaten; and being asked if he had been accustomed to such usage, he replied in the affirmative. Mr. Towne then quieted his alarm, and assured him that he had nothing to fear, if he conducted himself well, and encouraged him by commending his recitation; and was so impressed by the lad's manner of receiving this approbation, that he ventured to say to him, "I believe you are a good boy." These words not only entered the ear—they reached the heart. I will not adopt the strong expression which I once heard from the lips of a very intelligent Jew, and say that the teacher "found a master key to the soul of his disciple," but, from that hour, he had effectually turned the switch. That beautiful appeal, "My son, give me thy heart," had not been thus silently made in vain. The lad told his associates that although others said he was a bad boy, Mr. Towne told him he believed he was a good boy, and he was sure he wished to be a good boy.

Not long after, the school agent came again, and earnestly required that this boy should be dismissed from the school. With this request Mr. Towne refused to comply; and said that he "liked the appearance and conduct of the boy, and thought that, with some little illustration of the law of kindness, he would make him, self known in the world as a useful citizen."

This youth continued to attend the school daily, and steadily, and profitably, for two winters. At the close of the second winter, the father came to Mr. Towne, and said: "Bill says that you say I must send him to college, and have him fitted with a private family, not an academy."

The father inquired of Mr. Towne what he had seen in Bill to justify the idea of sending him to college.

"I see," said Mr. Towne, "a boy that you will hear from in after life."

Mr. Towne recommended the Rev. Mr. Lyman, of Connecticut, as an instructor. This course was followed; the boy went to college, and the predictions of his kind and judicious primary teacher have been verified—the boy was heard from in after life!

After having filled many stations of the very first importance in our country, and passed the seventieth milestone in the path of man, from the cradle to the grave, he is numbered with the dead—that Sturbridge boy, William L. Marcy, is no more! Upon the tidings of Mr. Marcy's decease, I had a wish to tell this interesting story to the world. Unwilling to trust entirely to my memory, I addressed a letter to my friend, General Towne, and communicated that wish to him. His reply is now before me, in which he says:

"Please say as little of me as you can. It can only be said that a boy, who had been unfortunately dealt with, happened to become a pupil of mine; and I happened to discover that he was a lad of a noble mind, and that, proper direction and a degree of policy only, were necessary to make him a man; whose influence might, in after life, be widely extended."

Firmly believing, as I do, that, under God, Mr. Marcy was deeply indebted to his kind, considerate friend for thus turning the switch, so opportunely, I think the public will not regret with General Towne, in sending to chance what he obviously received from the nurture of an excellent education.

Among the accomplishments and virtues of Mr. Marcy, I pressed the cultivated general, and grateful teacher. He never forgot his education, and he never forgot the teacher who turned the switch.

Mr. Marcy was a deeply cultivated man, and a noble character. He was a man of noble mind, and that, proper direction and a degree of policy only, were necessary to make him a man; whose influence might, in after life, be widely extended."

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